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## The Treasure-Seeker.

FROM GOETHE.

Poor in purse, and heavy-hearted,  
Drudging on so melancholy,  
O, this poverty is folly;  
Riches are the real good!  
And to end my pain I started:  
"Show me where to dig a treasure,  
Show, and claim my soul at pleasure;"—  
And I signed it with my blood.

So I first two rings constructed,  
Strangest plants and bones collected,  
And a magic blaze erected,  
And pronounced the charm aright;—  
All in learned wise conducted.  
Then I dug for treasures hidden  
In the spot where I was bidden.  
Black and stormy was the night.

Lo! an unexpected token!  
Light afar, like planet glancing,  
Out from deepest deep advancing,  
Ere the clock's twelve strokes were o'er!  
All my incantation broken!  
For a dazzling light was breaking,  
From a goblet brimful, shaking,  
Which a boy toward me bore!

And most welcome eyes addressed me,  
'Neath a rustling rose-wreath beaming;  
Heavenliest light around him gleaming,  
As he stepped into the ring!  
And to drink he kindly pressed me;  
And I thought: "This youth so pleasant,  
With this fair and lustrous present,  
Surely can no evil bring."

"Drink the soul of pure enjoyment!  
Learn of me, nor longer languish,  
Nor such witch-charms, bought with anguish,  
Muttering on this spot be heard.  
O, forsake the curs'd employment.  
Day for labor! Night for pleasure!  
Weary week-days! Lighter leisure!  
Be henceforth thy magic word."

J. S. D.

Translated for this Journal.

## Extracts from "Les Grotesques de la Musique," by Hector Berlioz.

### I. THE SEASON.—THE CLUB OF NIGHTMARES.

There is a moment in the year when, in the great cities, especially in Paris and in London, a great deal of music, such as it is, is made; in the walls are covered with huge concert posters; when foreign virtuosos flock together from all corners of Europe to enter into rivalry with the native artists or with one another; when these new sort of pleaders rush upon the poor public, take it violently aside, and would even pay it willingly to get a first hearing, and so carry off the advantage from their rivals. But auditors, like witnesses, are dear, and there are few who like to serve.

This terrible moment, in the language of musical artists, is called *the season*.

The season! that explains and justifies all

sorts of things which I would fain call fabulous, but which are only too true.

Critics at such times find themselves assailed by eager people who have come from very far to make their reputation in the great city, who want to make it quickly, and who try to bribe them with Dutch cheeses.

It is the season!

They give as many as five or six concerts a day, all at the same hour, and the organizers of these fêtes are very much disturbed that the poor critics should attract attention with any of them by their absence! Then they write very curious letters, full of gall and indignation, to the absent ones.

It is the season!

An incredible crowd of people who pass in *their own place* for men of talent, thus come to acquire the proof that they are not so away from their own place, or that they have only the talent for rendering the frivolous public very serious and the serious public frivolous.

It is the season!

In this great number of musicians of both sexes, treading on each other's heels, elbowing and upsetting one another, sometimes treacherously tripping up their rivals, one remarks occasionally, by good luck, some talents of a taller growth which rise above the mediocre people, like the palm-trees above tropical forests. Thanks to these exceptional artists, one may then hear from time to time some very fine things, and so console himself for all the detestable things he must submit to.

It is the season!

But, this epoch of the year once passed, if, after long abstinence, the victim of an ardent thirst, you seek a cup-full of pure harmony to drink; impossible!

It is not the season.

They tell you of a singer; they boast his voice, his method; you go to hear him. He has neither voice nor method.

It is not the season.

A violinist, preceded by a certain fame, arrives. He calls himself a pupil of Paganini, as is customary; he executes, they say, *duos on a single string*, and, what is more, he plays always true and sings like a swan of the Po. Full of joy you go to his concert. You find the hall empty; a bad upright piano supplies the place of an orchestra for the accompaniments; the gentleman is not only capable of executing a solo properly upon his four strings, he plays false as a Chinese and sings like a black swan of Australia.

It is not the season.

During the long soirées of chamber music (in winter for the English, in summer for the French), the announcement of a musical fête organized with splendor in a neighboring city suddenly pricks up the ears of a society of passionate amateurs of grand chefs-d'œuvre, for whom individual singing and the pianoforte do not suffice. At once they send to secure seats: on the day fixed they flock to the place. The hall of the

festival is full, to be sure, but with what sort of audience! . . . The orchestra is composed of ten or twelve artists and some thirty ale-house musicians; the choir is made up of recruits from among the laundresses of the place and the soldiers of the garrison. They give you a symphony of Beethoven drawn and quartered, they bray out an oratorio of Mendelssohn. And it would be quite wrong to complain.

It is not the season.

You see announced, by way of exception, in the great city, a new work by an old master who has become bleached in the harness, sung by a prima donna whose name, long ago popular, has preserved a great éclat. Alas! the music of the new work is colorless, and the voice of the cantatrice has not shared the good fortune of her name.

It is no longer the season.

How few countries can we count that have a season!

Know'st thou the land where the orange and myrtle? &c. . . That country, for a long time past, has ceased to have a season.

If you have lived in the plains of Iberia, you must know that there is no season yet.

As to the sad countries where there flourish only firs and birches and snow-drops, they from time to time have seasons, but lit up, like polar nights, by the aurora borealis only. Let us hope that if the sun appears to them at last, they will have seasons of six months, to regain lost time.

A season were quite out of the question in those remote countries where business is all in all and all are busy; where all are grumbling, all are fumbling; where the thinker, meditating, passes for an idiot; where the poet, dreaming, is a do-nothing fit for hanging; where all eyes are obstinately fixed upon the earth, and nothing can force them to lift themselves for an instant to the heavens. These are the Lemnos isles of modern Cyclops, whose mission is a great one, it is true, but incompatible with that of Art. The musical *velléités* of these laborious giants, therefore, will for a long time be as useless and as contrary to nature as the love of Polypheme for Galatea, and altogether out of season.

There remain three or four little corners of our little globe, where Art, cramped, galled, infected, asphyxiated by its crowd of enemies, still persists in living and may be said to have a season.

Need I name Germany, England and France? In thus limiting the number of countries with seasons, and in indicating these three central points of civilization, I hope to be exempt from the still cherished prejudices of each of the three peoples. In France they think, in all simplicity, that there is no more music in England at this day than there was in the time of queen Elizabeth. Many Englishmen think that French music is a myth, and that our orchestras are a thousand leagues behind the orchestra of Jullien's concerts. How many Frenchmen despise Germany as the tedious land of harmony and counterpoint alone! And if Germany will be frank,

she will confess that she despises France and England both.

But these opinions, tainted more or less with puerile vanity, ignorance and prejudice, change nothing in the real existence of things. That which is, is: *E pur si muove!* And just because it moves (music) like the earth, like everything in the world, precisely because its seasons are of a variability which we remark more and more from year to year, must national prejudices more and more promptly disappear, or at least lose a great deal of their force.

Fully recognizing the sweetness of the seasons in a great part of Germany, we still maintain our right to regard as considerable and very important, although often rigorous, the seasons of London and of Paris.

In Paris, *la belle saison* only commences about the 20th of January and finishes sometimes on the 1st of February; rarely does it last until the 1st of March.

We have known seasons not to end till April. But these were trisextile years; several comets had appeared in the sky, and the programmes of the society of the Conservatoire had announced something new.

Such, by exception, was the season of the year 1853, in the course of which we heard for the first time, at the concerts of the Conservatoire, the "Walpurgis Night" of Mendelssohn, and nearly the entire "Midsummer Night's Dream" of the same master. Mendelssohn wrote the "Walpurgis Night" at Rome, in 1831. It took then twenty-two years for this beautiful work to reach us. It is true, the light of certain stars only comes to us after a journey of myriads of years. But Leipzig, where the scores of Mendelssohn have long since been published, lies not at a distance from Paris at all equal to that which separates us from Saturn or from Sirius.

The Conservatoire makes it a principle to proceed slowly in all things. Yet we always must acknowledge, in spite of this want of agility and warmth, explained by years, it still preserves a green old age.

It has made its hall a museum for a great number of chefs-d'œuvre of the musical art, which it shows us every year in their true light: hence its glory. Some persons reproach it with not being willing that others should expose their works there when the museum is empty and has no exhibition. These persons do it great injustice: it possesses a good hall, the only good hall in Paris for music on a large scale; it has wished to have the monopoly thereof, and it is right; it has obtained it, it keeps it, and is right again. It cannot, doubtless, favor competition by leaving this field open. If it staid out, that others might stay in, it would very naturally feel that these others let it catch cold at the door; and it is plain that it appreciates the good sense of the precept:

"We should not do to others what we would not have others do to us."

Still, it is perhaps time that it should think of varying its repertoire, before the weary public comes to make a poor play of words upon the title of the harmonious society (Société des Concerts) in calling it "*Société des Concerts*." Which, with certain people, might not seem entirely out of season.

Paris is not the only point in France where one may signalize an important movement. There

are every four or five years seasons at Lyons, at Bordeaux; every eight years there is a magnificent one at Lille; there are excellent ones at Marseilles, where the fruits of the musical art ripen quicker than elsewhere.

But after the seasons of France, "the London season! the London season!" is the cry of all the singers, Italian, French, Belgian, German, Bohemian, Hungarian, Swedish and English; and the virtuosos of all nations repeat it with enthusiasm while setting foot upon the steamboats, like the soldiers of Æneas, who, as they went aboard their vessels, cried: *Italiam! Italiam!* The fact is there is not a country in the world where so much music is consumed in a season as at London.

Thanks to this immense consumption, all the artists of true talent, after some months employed in making themselves known, necessarily find occupation there. Once known and adopted, they are expected every year; people count upon them as they count in North America on the passage of pigeons. And never, to the end of their lives, do we see them disappoint the expectation of the English public, that model of fidelity, which always welcomes them, always applauds them, always admires them,

*Sans remarquer des ans l'irréparable outrage.*

One must witness the eager rush, the whirl of the musical life of artists liked in London, to form any just idea of it. And it is much more curious yet when you study the life of professors who have been established for long years in London, such as Mr. Davison, his admirable pupil, Miss Goddard, MM. Macfarren, Ella, Benedict, Osborne, Frank Mori, Sainton, Piatti. Always running, playing, directing, here in a public concert, there in a private musical soirée, they have scarcely time to say good day to their friends through the window of their carriage as they cross the Strand or Piccadilly.

When at last the seasons of Paris and of London are finished, think you the musicians are going to say to themselves: Now let us take some rest, it is the season. Ah! yes indeed. See them all running to devour each other in the sea-ports, or at the waters of Vichy, of Spa, of Aix, of Baden. This last point of union is sought by them with an especial eagerness, and from all corners of the world, pianists, violinists, singers, composers, seduced by the beauty of the country, by the elegant society they find there, and more yet by the extreme generosity of the director of the games, M. Bénazet, wend their way thither, crying: To Baden! to Baden! to Baden! it is the season.

And the seasons of Baden have for some years been organized in such a way as to discourage all competition. Most of the celebrated men and the illustrious beauties of Europe make there their rendezvous. Baden is about to become Paris plus Berlin, Vienna, London and St. Petersburg, especially when it gets known what a measure M. Bénazet has adopted, and which I am going to tell you.

All is not done when, to charm the elegant public, they have gone so far as to place it in contact with the men who have most mind, with the most ravishing women, with the greatest artists, and there give it magnificent fêtes; it is still necessary to guaranty this flower of fashion against the approach of individuals disagreeable to sight and hearing, whose very presence is enough to tarnish a ball, turn a concert into discord; it

is necessary to remove the ugly women, the vulgar men, the fools of either sex, the imbeciles, in a word the nightmares. This is what no impresario before M. Bénazet has thought of doing. Now it appears certain that Mme. \* \* \*, so silly and so ugly, Mlle. \* \* \* whose ways are so ridiculously eccentric, M. \* \*, who is such a mortal bore, M. \* \*, his worthy rival, and many others not less dangerous, will not appear again at Baden for a long time. After pretty difficult negotiations, and by means of considerable sacrifices, M. Bénazet has secured their absence for three seasons.

If this fine example is followed, and it will be, we doubt not, I know of people who will gain much money by it.

Every year now, in the months of August and September, these nightmares, eager to get rich, will establish a club in Paris, where they can mutually felicitate each other.

"You are engaged, we are engaged," they will say, "by the directors of Baden, of Wiesbaden, of Vichy, of Spa. Let us hide ourselves, let us keep dark; let no one suspect our existence.

"We are engaged; it is the season!!!"

### "Handel Studies" Reviewed.

(From the London Musical World.)

(Continued.)

We have already, more than once, caught Mr. Chorley in the act of demolishing a mare's nest. Here is another instance of his pertainity in that practice (No. 1, page 24):

"Trying this chorus \* by tests more technical and less sublime, the distinctness and vivacity of its musical subject set us face to face against another party of critics—the persons who, now-a-days, object to everything like *figurative* music for the voice, conceiving it as something false in expression: figures (they say) in music having passed into the orchestra. Which of the most daring of these strange persons has over protested against the division, or piece of volubility, that makes the life and spirit of this chorus? —preparatory, leading up by preface, excitement, and climax, to the explosion on the words—'Wonderful!' —'Counsello!'"

Unhappily "these strange persons" are "brain-crotchets" (Chorley) of the writer's own invention. None such really exist; nor are there many, we hope who (even if they did maintain the doctrine imputed to them by Mr. Chorley) would be so curiously ignorant as to apply the word "*figurative*" in the manner above cited. Shall Mr. Chorley again be placed on the rack until he explains himself? Or will he consent to substitute "*florid*" for "*figurative*?" "*Figurative music*" is simply nonsense: so is "*preparatory, leading up by preface, excitement, and CLIMAX*;"† and eminently so the subjoined, referring to the same unprotected chorus (page 24):

"Observe, again, the variety imparted by the employment of three different voices of the chorus, introduced successively in the same *figurative* passage, before, on its fourth repetition, the concord of the entire body of singers wrought into it, brings about a *crescendo* and a termination, so forcible, so vigorous, as to transcend almost every climax and *crescendo* which have followed them."

"The concord of the entire body of singers wrought into it," is, we repeat, nonsense—inflatable nonsense.

Another platitude teratologically set forth is worth quoting for its "tag," which reveals Mr. Chorley in a momentary paroxysm of bashfulness, a condition so rare with the Critic of Critics, that it is amusing to contemplate him under its influence—

PLATITUDE.

"So that if Music be not inexorably bound, she is as little licentiously free, and must and will be subject to laws of association, period, example. A March must have its tread, a Tarantella its whirl, a Pastoral Symphony . . ."

TAG.

" . . . , and yet, while I write, the first movement

\* "For unto us"—about which Mr. Chorley "spins" indefinitely.

† "Climax" does not lead up to, but is led up to.—YELLOW-FLUSH.



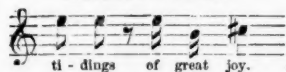
of Beethoven's symphony, a pastoral in 2-4—rises up to remind me of the danger of definition."

We know nothing about "the danger of definition," but we heartily wish the author of *Handel Studies* would now and then favor us with a slight touch of definiteness. The first movement of Beethoven's Symphony, by the way, can hardly regard Mr. Chorley with a friendly eye, or, in its "rising," it might have reminded him of something besides "the danger of definition;" it might have reminded him that the term "pastoral" in its own instance related solely to the subject illustrated, and had nothing whatever to say to the adopted musical form, which bears no more resemblance to a "pastoral" properly speaking, than a windmill to an egg, or Mr. Chorley to a phoenix; it might have informed him that *il y a* a pastoral *et* pastoral, a pastoral poem as well as a pastoral tune, a bucolic as well as a dance; it might, in short, with half a sentence, have helped him out of one of his self created dilemmas, and thus, by defecating in some measure the plashy plasm of his critical organ, have "risen" to some purpose. But alas! the First Movement of Beethoven's symphony "rose" with no such charitable intent. Why it should have come, any more than the Second Movement, the Scherzo or the Finale, to remind Mr. Chorley of his sins, is a puzzle; but that, apprehending the purport of our author's speculations, it vanished as soon as it appeared, may be inferred from the fact that it left him in a "fix"—a quandary—doubtful for one entire second of his own infallibility. How speedily Mr. Chorley was restored to himself, and again became oracular, may be seen in the very next page, where he first styles the Pastoral Symphony of Handel "a piece of night-music;" and farther on, where he corrects the singers who correct Handel, and then proceeds to correct Handel himself—for which one would have imagined even "the most tepid witnesses to Handel's gigantic predominance in music" would scarcely applaud him. But let Mr. Chorley furnish his own arguments, with that combination of placidity and magniloquence for which he is unapproachable:

"Here I—to change the field of comment—let it be noted that Handel has overlooked a false accent, which renders the declamation of the words, 'tidings of great joy,' difficult, and has led to the introduction of a traditional *gruppetto*, on the word 'great,' to my ear singularly displeasing. Seeing that vocal declaimers are by right prescriptive allowed to humor themselves in recitative, they might do worse than for this frivolous change to substitute a single transposition of the two notes."

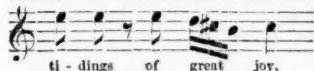
In order that our readers may understand the immensity of the boon conferred on Handelians by Mr. Chorley, we must cite all three versions of the passage in question:

#### HANDEL'S VERSION.



ti - dings of great joy.

#### VERSION OF THE VOCAL DECLAIMERS.



ti - dings of great joy,

#### CHORLEY'S VERSION.



of great joy.

Now, "let it be noted," that the whole of the third version is Mr. Chorley's including the Italian words "poco ritenuto"; the addition of which (emulating the sham-antithetical slang of the author) may be pronounced ingenious without paradox, and convenient without hyper-utilitarianism. And yet we cannot help a preference for Handel's version, both over that of the "vocal declaimers," which is superfluous, and that of the author of the *Studies* (which is topsy-turvy); in saying which we hope we may be considered (again resorting to sham-antithesis) bold without brassiness, and polite without

"To resume." Take an instance of vague declamation:

"According to modern taste in construction, which has in it too much of the carpenter, too little of the artless artist," &c.

The above, and some hundred more sentences of

† The respective positions, with regard to each other, of Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony and the bag-pipe tune of the Roman *Pifferari*, which Handel has made immortal by adoption.  
‡ The recitative, "And lo! the angel of the Lord!"

the kind in *Handel Studies*, appear to aim at something; but what that something is must be left to the imagination, like the "something" threatened by the mole upon King Cole's cheek:

"A mole in the face  
Boded something would take place,  
But not what that something might be."

But never was book so crowded with fancies, whimsies, freaks, and sciomachies. In sciomachy Mr. Chorley is uncommonly strong, for ever combating a non-existent enemy, fighting with a shadow; and just as he defends the overture to the *Messiah* from detractors of his own creation, and comforts those "strange persons" who object to "figurative" music for the voice ("strange" enough, for nobody ever heard of them), so he takes up the cudgels (against some more "strange persons"?) for "Rejoice greatly," which no one in the world ever thought of attacking, or regarded as anything else than a magnificent song precisely fitted to the sentiment it has to express. Having no real antagonists, however, Mr. Chorley makes some for himself, and then proceeds, with exquisite swagger and complacency, to annihilate them. He first knocks down a certain "Young Germany," for sneering at what he calls the "Handelisms" in "Rejoice greatly," as if florid divisions were more peculiar to Handel than to any other composer of his day. "They are worth dwelling on for a moment," says our oracle, "in order that we may trace out the real worth and bearing of the modern disdain of florid vocal ornament." Now, as there is no "modern disdain" of anything of the sort, the task is one of some difficulty; and this is soon made apparent by the singular manner in which Mr. Chorley proceeds to account for the said "disdain." Let him, however, speak for himself:

"This is simply an expression of the cant and fopery which spring from antagonism. 'The fiddlers against the singers.' If execution and embroidery be not part and parcel of the material for musical expression, why should not the violins as well as the voice be tied to plain notes?"

So barefaced an assumption is quite enough to show the absurdity of the position which Mr. Chorley has voluntarily taken up. No such antagonism ever existed. No one ever dreamed of maintaining that "execution and embroidery" (embroidery and execution would have been more apposite) were not "material for musical expression." No one ever imagined such an argument, until Mr. Chorley raised it himself, to demolish, among the multitudinous mare's nests of *Handel Studies*. Another "fancy" with this author comes under the head of what he denominates "grouping." At the outset—or at least until one has met with the expression three or four times—it is not easy to guess what is intended. The first striking example of its use—where "the groupings of voices and keys" are interpreted by Mr. Chorley into an "imperfect suggestion of the four Evangelists"—was treated ("ante"—page 436), as such a monstrous paradox deserved. Here (page 29) we have a more shadowy application of the term:

"Some suggestion of grouping—to return on what has been said—may be found in the *soprano* song, 'He shall feed his flock,' which follows the *bravura*—this as tender and gentle as that was buoyant and triumphing—in the same key."

Now, for the life of us, we cannot get at what Mr. Chorley means, in this instance, by "some suggestion of grouping." If simply the uniformity of key to be found in the two airs and choruses with which the first part of the *Messiah* terminates, such a discovery may be likened to the discovery of an added egg, or an empty bird's-nest, and hardly warrants the appearance of self-satisfaction with which it is revealed. "Here let it be noted" that Mr. Chorley rates this splendid chorus ("His yoke is easy") as—

"the weakest and least inspired in the oratorio: a piece of transformed music, and in which (as in 'All we like sheep') Handel seems to have read his words carelessly, 'in a canting fashion,' to use a heraldic phrase."\* . . . "It may have been to relieve himself during a piece of exercise-writing (and, truth to say, the words SUGGEST EXERCISE RATHER than music), that Handel drove his voices in this chorus to heights where he rarely bade them sing. The trebles must mount to B flat above the line."

What "a piece of transformed music" may mean, and what need there was to insert "a piece of exercise-writing" in the midst of the sublimities of the *Messiah*, Mr. Chorley alone can explain. We shall neither put him on the wheel this time, however, nor invite the co-operation of Mr. Yellow-plush, for we disagree *in toto* with our author's estimate of the chorus, which—not to use any "heraldic phrase"—is admirably expressive of the words. Nor can we

conceive more inconceivable nonsense than the apology made for the extremely bright and effective point in which the voices go up to B flat:

light, His yoke is ea-sy, His burthen



—a point essentially Handelian and magnificent. If such music be "exercise writing," all we can say is that we wish for nothing finer in its place. The paradox about the words of "His yoke is easy" suggesting "exercise rather than music," were it not unmeaning, would trench upon ribaldry. As a tail-piece to this extraordinary "grouping" of sentences, suggestions, and opinions, which terminate the first part of the *Messiah-Study*, we have the subjoined:

"This portion of the story has been condensed, on purpose or accidentally, that ample room might be given to Calvary and Golgotha—to the Hall of Pilate—the Cross and the Sepulchre. Such a distribution of the subject would have been truly most hazardous, had the poet approaching it in art been one FIBRE more feeble, more fearless, more deeply (not pedantically) devout, than Handel."

Had Mr. Chorley been "one fibre" less engrossed with the notion of his own infallibility, he would perhaps have omitted the words "or accidentally," remembering that what is done by accident is not done with a purpose.

\* "If ease and lightness"—he pursues—"however, under the government which was to be on the shoulder of the Son of the Highest, were to be expressed, the master, for once, pitched his thought too low. The leading phrase says little, and thus sounds old-fashioned and mechanical." A beautiful *non sequitur* is entailed by the particle "thus"—which we need not point out to our readers.

#### Mozart—Child and Man.

(Continued from page 148).

Mozart the Elder to M. Hugenauer.—(Continued).

The truth is, the first idea of making Wolfgang compose an opera was suggested to me by the Emperor, who asked him on two several occasions if he would not compose and direct an opera himself. The little fellow of course answered yes; but the Emperor could add nothing further, seeing that operas concern Signor Affligio.

I have, therefore, no longer to regret the money I have spent, for it will return to me to-day or to-morrow. Nothing venture, nothing have. We must conquer or die, and it is at the theatre we shall meet either death or glory.

It will not be an *opera seria*; they are not played here, the taste is not for them; it will therefore be an *opera buffa*. Not a little opera, for it will last full two hours and a-half or three hours. There are no singers of *opera seria* here. The tragic opera of Gluck, "Alceste," even was sung by the *buffos*. There are some excellent performers in this kind, Signori Caribaldi, Caratoli Poggi, Laschi, Polini, Signore Bernasconi, Eberhardi, Baglioni.

What say you to it? Is not the glory of having written an opera for the theatre of Vienna the surest road to obtaining credit, not only in Germany but in Italy?

No. 32.

The Same to the Same.

Vienna, March 30, 1768.

We are all in good health, and, thank God, in a good position of affairs. The ice is broke, not only on the Danube, but as regards our business. Our enemies are conquered—at Vienna, he it understood. Nothing is to be done by a single stroke. My phlegmatic humor has changed beasts into men, and I have left them to their own shame.

Last week there was a grand concert in our honor at the Russian ambassador's, the Prince of Gallizin. Our opera is going forward to satisfaction, but it is probable the return of the Emperor from Hungary will be waited for ere it be performed.

No. 33.

The Same to the Same.

Vienna, May 11, 1768.

I have received the following letter from our Grand Majordomo:

"Per espresso comando di S. A. Rma. devo far sapere a V. S. qualmente il clementissimo principe Padrone niente abbia in contrario, che il Sign. Mozart se ne possi restar fuori a suo piacimento sin tanto che vuole, et inoltre gli passerà ancora

questo mese di Marzo il suo salario; ma innavente quando non sei attivamente presente in Salzbùrgo, parà ben sì mantenuuto come prima nel suo servizio, ma durante la sua assenza non gli lascerà più correre il solito salario."

Do you note, what a favor! I may remain absent, at my choice, provided I do not ask to be paid. I can at least stay away altogether, without incurring any reproach in the future. I am indeed written that by the intercession of the brother of his grace the Prince Bishop, I could claim the salary of professor of violin and first violin in the Episcopal chapel. The brother is acquainted with all this fine story; I told him while here. But how could I go and beg for what I do not deserve, as my gentlemen, the courtiers of Salzburg, would have it, since I do not perform my duty there? Where would be justice, honor? It is exactly this which will facilitate my journey to Italy, a journey which I am prevented by every motive from deferring, and for which the favor of the Emperor will throw open for me all the gates of the imperial cities of Florence, of Naples; or ought I, on the contrary, to remain exiled in Salzburg, sighing in vain for a better lot, letting myself be led by the nose with my two children, reaching an age when a journey to Italy would be a difficult matter to me, and seeing Wolfgang grow up and take on years which will diminish, in the eyes of all, the marvel of his precocious talent and his premature knowledge? Shall he have taken the first step in his career by the opera at Vienna, and not proceed with rapid strides on a path that lies so broadly open?

No. 34.

*The Same to the Same.*

Vienna, June 27, 1768.

I might entertain you with a multitude of tricks that have been played us, abominable persecutions, whereof we have been victims. But I am too weary to awaken the reminiscence of them. I reserve them till I can recount them orally. We are in good health, God be thanked! despite envy, which has let loose its tempests against us. I still return to my old motto: *In te Domine speravi; fiat voluntas tua.* That which God desires not, I desire not either.

\* The best buffo singer of his day, born in Rome, 1743.

† Antonia Bernasconi, daughter-in-law of a skillful composer (André Bernasconi, born in Marseilles, 1712), made her debut in Vienna, in 1764, in the part of Alciste, which Gluck composed for her.

### Ary Scheffer.

The exhibition of the collected works of Ary Scheffer, which was opened at Paris early in May, has perhaps occasioned some disappointment to those of his admirers who believed that his entire career had been glorified by works equal to the essays of his latter time—those on which his reputation rests. He deprecated during life a posthumous collection and exhibition of his productions, having seen among the pictures of Delaroche some which neither enhanced, nor even sustained the fame of the painter. But an exhibition of this kind is not entirely understood by an enthusiastic public, as being the revelation of a student to a student,—the analysis of a being, of which the life-springs are not patent to the many. The collection, as to dates of production, comprehends a period of thirty-eight years, with a selection of subject-matter more widely excursive in religious and poetic, than in historical narrative, and in the early years of the painter limited to incidents of every-day life. The labors of every earnest artist evince vicissitudes which look sometimes much like caprice; but the differences shown in Scheffer's pictures are all experiments, many, it is true, failures. But from all something has been learned; or, at least, difficulties have thence become intelligible, a first step in painting towards their subjugation. Having no resource but his art, Scheffer was an early competitor for fame. He produced in 1810 "The Oath of Hannibal," and "The Death of Pliny the Elder," of course in the feeling of the time, that of the school of David; and these were the only two subjects of this class that he executed, for he diverged at once into that which the French call *genre*, a signal dereliction of "high Art," when it is remembered that his master was Guérin, the painter of "Æneas and Dido," a picture by which so many have been fascinated. But Scheffer was painting for bread, and could not afford to illustrate the Greek and Roman virtues, a kind of Art which, although not domestically popular, was yet considered an auxiliary of the governments of those times. One half hour's visit to the galleries of Paris suffices to demonstrate the part that painting and sculpture have played in the politics of France during the last sixty years. The faith of the Catholic Church, analyze it as you will, resolves itself always into the worship of that beautiful which has its only representation in Art-forms; and with a full recognition of the influences of painting, each suc-

cive government has invoked the aid of painting to popularize its creed. But to be effective, such essays consisted necessarily of scenic declamation, to the utter exclusion of simple and forcible recital; and hence very much of the vicious extravagance of the French school. In the two pictures mentioned, Scheffer believed he had deferred sufficiently to the "grand style," and in remembrance of Greuze, and those following him, he entered upon a series of ordinary *genre* subjects, the material of which was drawn from current literature or imagination. The works exhibited number one hundred and one, of which three are sculpture, being a bust of his mother, a monumental effigy of his mother, and a bust of the Countess Krasinska. The earliest date in the catalogue is 1819,—it is affixed to a portrait—that of M. Victor Tracy; and as there are numerous portraits in the collection, it may be well to turn to this department, as these works claim less attention than the poetical and sacred compositions. The number of portraits, then, is about thirty-nine, of which those of Lafayette, the Duke of Elchingen, Odillon Barrot, Cavaignac, with that of himself, are among the best. Of this class of Scheffer's works there is one composition to which strongly marked exception may be taken. It is entitled "Laissez venir à moi les petits enfants," and contains an agroupment of the Saviour and the three children of the Duchess Fitz-James. In reference to this it is not now necessary to consider what the old masters have done in this way, nor in what spirit they have done it; to say the least, the taste of the association is very questionable. Many of Scheffer's best productions are not here; but the hundred and one open to us the whole heart of the man, and the entire craft of the painter. Scheffer, to the last day of his life, was an eager and devoted student—his maturity was that of a "latter summer." Excellence was long withheld from him, but no man merited his ultimate triumphs more worthily than he, because none more laboriously earned distinction.

As a portrait painter he never would have signalized himself, for, from the first to the last his heads want roundness, force, and argument. The heads of his male sitters have not been lighted in a manner to bring them out advantageously, and in the female heads we are reminded rather of the paint than the life. Of his early pictures there are, "La Veuve du Soldat," "La Famille du Marin," "Le Baptême," "La Mère Convalescente," "La Tempête," and "La Sœur de Charité," compositions founded upon a class of incidents which, in France as well as England, has for cabinet pictures superseded historical narrative. In none of these works is there promise of great future eminence. In all of them much of the accessory is painted without reference to the proposed forms or surfaces, with a result either unduly hard or loosely sketchy. The manner of these small pictures resembles that of the English school of the corresponding period, more than any deduction from feeling antecedently or contemporaneously popular in the French school. Scheffer always lamented that he had not the gift of color, a deficiency singularly conspicuous throughout the series; and having been driven to portrait painting by early necessity, there is in his drawing an absence of that facility and precision which are attained by a regular course of academic study. The crude and unsympathizing color is strikingly shown in "Marthe et Marguerite." Here the importunate red petticoat of Margaret harshly dissociates itself from the entire composition, a hard, dry, uncompromising surface; and so it is with other red dresses or petticoats that appear in the series. He seems to have been extremely partial to bright vermillion, but his employment of the color was always very infelicitous. Scheffer's infirmities of drawing are specially evidenced in his two unfinished works, "L'Ange annonçant la Resurrection," and "L'Apparition de Jesus-Christ à la Madeleine après la Resurrection."

Scheffer had been struggling onward for nearly twenty years before he entirely relinquished that ideal *genre*, in which he essayed domestic sentiment. He rose to poetry, and in poetry and sacred history developed a depth and force of expression in which, though we look back through centuries, even to the revival, we shall find that his equals are not numerous. Before he was so thoroughly penetrated by exalted sentiment, and master of the motives of expression so perfectly as to subdue the heart by the pathos of his eloquence, like all earnest painters who are yet immature in the most penetrating accomplishment of the art, he sought to impress the mind by action more or less violent. "La Bataille de Morat," "Léonore," "Les Femmes Saliotes," "Episode de la Retraite d'Alsace," and "Le Giaour," are works in this spirit, though in the last he hits, peradventure, on the golden mine, of the existence of which within him, he never knew. Here is a consummation of intense expression and violent action, the last in which strong movement is expressed, as from this time

(1832) he devoted himself entirely to the language of expression. All the works which he executed under this influence are of ordinary merit. Even the two pictures which belong to the Luxembourg collection, "Les Femmes Saliotes," and "Le Larmoyeur," from a ballad by Schiller, are not distinguished by much of interesting quality. His first subject from "Faust" is "Marthe et Marguerite," that which has been already mentioned to instance the red petticoat. This was painted in 1830, and is one of those small pictures, in the execution of which Scheffer never succeeded. Another small picture, painted in the same year,—"Léonore," from that passage of the ballad which describes her as borne off by her spectre lover,—shows that after twenty years of study and practice Scheffer was still casting about for a manner. It is the most sketchy of all the exhibited works; and the figure of Léonore, as she rides behind the ghost, is timid and unsatisfactory in drawing. Neither by his portraiture nor his small pictures would he ever have acquired his present reputation; but at once, on entertaining poetic and religious subjects of the size of life, he shows himself possessed of a capacity which he had never before manifested. "Faust dans son Cabinet" is one of the first of his larger works, and its weakness in comparison with those that follow is obvious; besides, Faust is a misconception. He is represented here as even a younger man than in subsequent scenes after his rejuvenescence; there is, moreover, an absence of the firmness of feature that appears in any of the other impersonations of the character. He is here soliloquizing in the opening scene—

"Habe nun, ach! Philosophie,  
Juristerei und Medicin,  
Und leider auch Theologie!  
Daraus studirt;"

and he confesses himself aged, but the features here are those of a young man of thirty. A comparison of this head with that in "Faust à la Coupe," or "Marguerite sortant de l'Eglise," shows two things, of which the first is the artist's amelioration of his conceptions by sustained study; the second is, an immediate development of power, showing that this was the class of art which he was best constituted to cultivate. Thus we find him, after 1830, and for eight or nine succeeding years, entirely given over for the passionate and mystic poetry of Byron and Goethe. The change is sudden and absolute. Such transitions are common phenomena in artist-life, but at a period of life so advanced, a change is rarely other than a marked decadence; for it occurs, too, frequently, that, after a career of early and too facile success, artists cease to be students. But Scheffer, to the last, was a laborious student, and, perhaps, not the least precious of his rules of practice, was his concentration of his subject. The whole of his works show us that they were prefigured in his mind before committed to the canvas—a conceptive faculty which always yields pictures of great force and reality. Allusion has already been made to "Marthe et Marguerite," the scene in which Marthe invites the latter to come often to her. This is the first of the Faust series which Scheffer painted; it is a small picture, with many of the foibles of his minor works. The next year, 1831, produced "Faust dans son Cabinet," the first of the large pictures, and which has also been spoken of. The same year brought forth "Marguerite au Rouet;"—

"Meine Ruh' ist hin,  
Mein Herz ist schwer;  
Ich finde sie nimmer  
Und nimmer mehr."

But that work, like "Faust dans son Cabinet," is not comparable to subsequent impersonations of the character; the face is insignificant—a disqualification that is confirmed by the eyes being so close together. This picture was, we believe, the property of a member of the Orleans family, and, falling into evil hands, the head of the figure was cut out; but subsequently repaired by M. Scheffer, the marks of the restoration being plainly discernible. In 1832, "Marguerite à l'Eglise" was painted, in the spirit of the passage—

"Wo steht dein Kopf?  
In deinem Herzen  
Welche Missethat!" &c.;

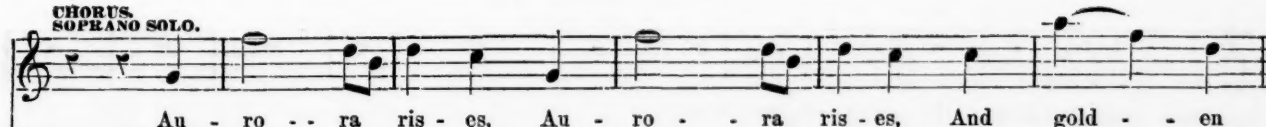
wherein Margaret is represented at mass in an agony of remorse at the thoughts suggested to her by the evil spirit. She is here in mourning for her brother who was slain by Faust, and she has the appearance of a person above the station in life to which Margaret belongs. Some years elapse before Scheffer returns to Goethe's tragedy; but he is continually occupied with portraits, of which altogether he painted about three hundred. In 1832, "The Giaour" was produced—the last and most violent of those works wherein action is relied on for effect, though at the same time the force of the passion is irresistible. This is a work of surpassing energy; it is the first



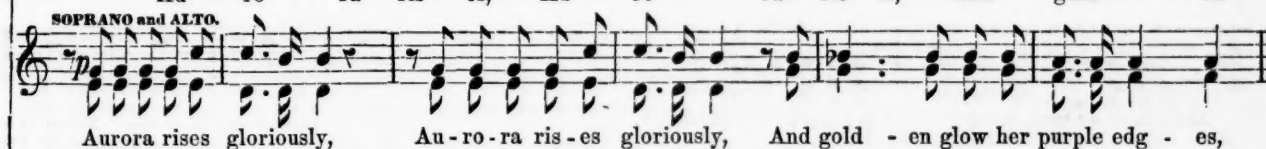
# Morning.

15

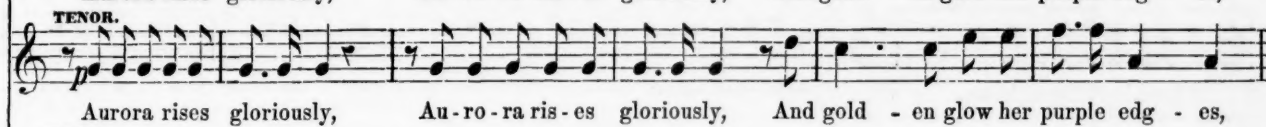
CHORUS.  
SOPRANO SOLO.



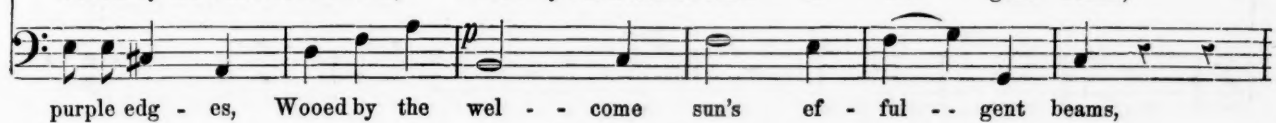
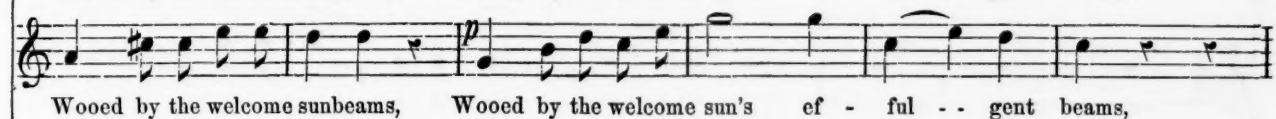
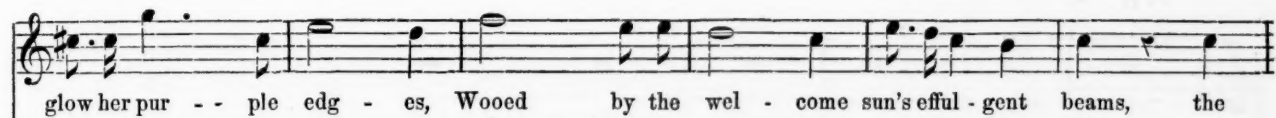
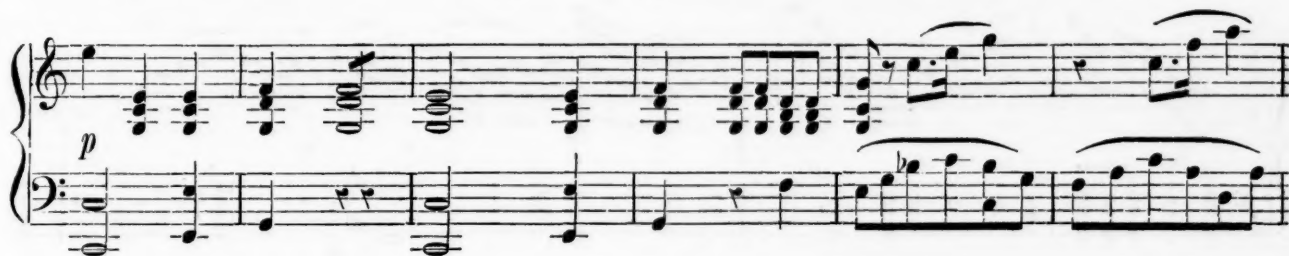
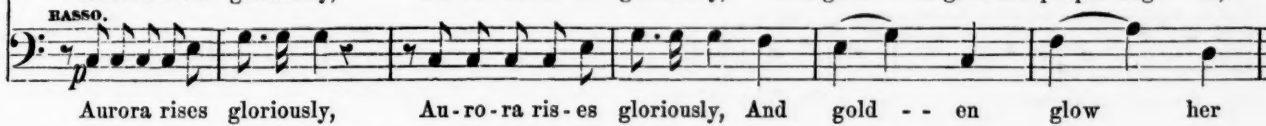
SOPRANO and ALTO.



TENOR.



BASSO.



## Morning.

sun's effulgent beams, the sun's effulgent beams.

the sun's effulgent beams, the sun's effulgent beams.

the sun's effulgent beams, the sun's effulgent beams.

the sun's effulgent beams, the sun's effulgent beams.

*f* *f* *f* *p*

## No. 4.

Allegro molto con brio.

*Tutti.* Joy to us!

*p* *Tutti.* *Cres.* Joy to us! Joy to us! Joy to us!

*Tutti.* Joy to us! Joy to us! Joy to us! Joy to us!

*Tutti.* Joy to us! Joy to us! Joy to us! Joy to us!

Joy to us! Joy to us! Joy to us! Joy to us!

*pp* *Ped.* *Cresc.*

Allegro molto con brio. Coll. 8 va ~~~~~ loco.

# Morning.

17



Joy to us! She look-eth down up - on us, She looketh down up - on us! Come forth! Come


Joy to us! She look-eth down up - on us, She looketh down up - on us, Come forth! Come

Joy to us! She look-eth down up - on us, She looketh down up - on us, Come forth! Come

Joy to us! She look-eth down up - on us, She looketh down up - on us, Come forth!



*f* Cres. *ff* *p* Cres.



forth! Come forth ye brothers, u - nite in joy - ous morning song, u - nite, u - nite, u -

forth! Come forth ye brothers, u - nite in joy - ous morning song, u - nite, u - nite, u -

forth! Come forth ye brothers, u - nite in joy - ous morning song, u - nite, u - nite, u -

Come forth! Come forth ye brothers, u - nite in joy - ous morning song, u - nite, u - nite, u -



*f* *ff*

## Morning.

SOLO. Dol.

nite in joyous, joyous morning song! With her descends a Father's rich - est blessing, With

SOLO. Dol.

nite in joyous, joyous morning song! With her descends a Father's

SOLO. Dol.

nite in joyous, joyous morning song! With

nite in joyous, joyous morning song!

*p* *mp*

her . . . . . descends a Father's richest bless - ing, a Fa - ther's blessing,

rich - - est bless - ing, With her . . . . . de - scends a Fa - ther's blessing,

her . . . . . descends a Father's rich - est bless - ing, a Fa - - ther's, Fa - ther's blessing,

With her . . . descends a Father's rich - - - est, rich - est blessing,



in which Scheffer succeeds in fully realizing his ideal; the passage is:

"For he declines the covenant oath,  
And leaves those locks unhallowed growth,  
But wears our garb in all beside," &c.

There is but one figure, that of the Giaour, who refuses to join in the religious exercises of the convent, and in expressing his resolution he is borne away in an orgasm of fury. There is little in this picture that might not be painted with white and black, with a qualification of warmth; and those compositions in which color is spared are uniformly the signal productions of the artist. "Medora," now so well known through the engraving, was painted in 1833; the features seem to have been drawn from the same model as those of Margaret at the wheel—they are of the same mould, and there is the like absence of argument. We pass to the year 1838, in which was painted "Marguerite sortant de l'Eglise." The scene is properly a street, wherein Faust first addresses Margaret. When she is gone, Mephistopheles tells Faust that she is just come from confession, that she is guiltless, and he has no power over her. Scheffer, however, by a pictorial license, presents Margaret as just coming out of church, with the rest of the congregation, and there Faust is supposed first to see her, and, to the letter, he looks the spirit of the lines—

"Beim Himmel, dieses Kind ist schön!  
So etwas hab ich nie gesehn.  
Sie ist so sitt—und tugend reich,  
Und etwas schnippisch doch zugleich."

And, in order to render the sentiment in its plenitude Faust and Mephistopheles are placed so near to Margaret as almost to touch her. Margaret is dressed in white, in coincidence with Faust's description of her innocence, and she is supported by the rest of the composition as a breadth of low and middle tone; thus, virtually there are two parts in the composition, one—the dominant—Margaret, the other contributing to support the composition. The professed simplicity of the effect is perspicuously artificial. The style of the figure is according to her condition in life, and although Mephistopheles observes that Faust will now see a Helen in every woman with any pretension to beauty, the painter might have given such a degree of refinement as would have literally justified the admiration of Faust, for in the broad round forms of the face and head there is somewhat of an every-day common-place that would scarcely have enthralled one to whom the world was not new. In his effort to qualify the head with a bright and beaming innocence, he has painted the face without a shade, but the refinement which would have better suited it is made more conspicuously deficient by a female face of superior nobility of beauty in the throng behind—that of a person belonging, like Margaret, to a humble station of life. This is the first picture in which is observable any expression of that influence to which Scheffer may have yielded in his admiration of Ingres; it is especially seen in the subdued markings of Margaret's draperies, and in the uncompromising sharpness of much of the outline of the same figure. The head of Faust is admirable; the happy result of that study of the character which was well matured by frequent recurrence to the play.

In 1838 the two Mignons appeared, "Mignon Aspirant au Ciel," and "Mignon Regrettant sa Patrie," in both of which are more distinctly felt the sharpness of a manner like that of Ingres, with a specious modification of the natural distinctness of line that appears in all draperies. In the Giaour the drapery is painted with a force and confusion of marking correspondent with the tumult within, and in the "Marguerite sortant de l'Eglise," and the two Mignons, the sentiment of the drapery corresponds with the peaceful emotions of the soul; in the case of the Giaour, the treatment of drapery is an elegant propriety; in that of the Mignons, it might have been more approximate to nature, without in anywise detracting from the penetrating language of the features. "Le Roi de Thule" was painted the same year—a subject taken from Göthe's ballad. The old king is represented drinking, for the last time, from the cup given to him by his mistress, before he threw it into the sea, lest it should be profaned by the hand of any other possessor. There are two versions of this subject; the former is enfeebled by the introductions of too many objects; in the latter, the king is a grand and solid Rembrandtesque conception, in all its parts strong and well kept in hand, and as to breadth, all but a monotone. These two versions of the same subject exhibit, as clearly as any of his works, Scheffer as the earnest plodding student; and in the second picture we see the golden fruit of his study. We now arrive at the period at which Scheffer began to devote himself to religious art, during his study of which, for the remainder of his life, he returns but seldom to his favorite poets. The exhibition contains but two instances from Göthe, and one from

Dante, and two of these are among the most valuable of the works of this eminent man. "Le Christ au Jardin des Oliviers" is the first essay in religious art exhibited. In purity of treatment and original power the picture merits comparison with the old masters; but in expression the head of the Saviour is a failure. "Les Rois Mages," painted in 1844, is not less original a study of three heads that may be accepted as typical of the poet, the philosopher, and the warrior; and here again, in an eminent degree, we recognize matured study applied to the embodiment of a conception of rare beauty.

In 1844 "Mignon et le vieux Joueur de Harpe" appeared, and in 1847 "Les Saintes Femmes revenant du Tombeau," a work perfectly well known from the admirable engraving which has been taken from it. The treatment of the heads, their movement, and expression, place this among M. Scheffer's best works. There may be somewhat more of poetry than religion in the conception, but the touching sentiment of the aspiration subdues criticism. Again, "Ruth et Noëme" is a composition and a narrative worthy of the best times of the Italian schools; it reminds the spectator now of the Florentine Andrea, and anon, of the Bolognese Guido. The attitudes of both figures are copiously descriptive, and the hands and features are all most eloquent, according to the touching story that supplies the subjects. But the crowing essay of Scheffer's poetical genius is the "Francesca de Rimini," and whenever, hereafter, his name occurs to the memory, that is the picture which will at once fill the mind; it is so well known by the engraving that any description were superfluous. The canvas is large, the figures being small life-size. The composition, with its flowing lines and floating figures, is much in the elegant feeling of Flaxman; indeed, Scheffer has said that if he were ever tempted to follow any artist, it would be Flaxman. Never was anguish painted more poignantly in a profile than in that of Francesca, in whose action are also shown reliance, devotion and love. The movement of Paolo will bring to mind that of Lazarus in the National Gallery; but here the function of the drapery is so beautifully discharged, and it is so skillfully blended with the figures, that without it the composition would be much less perfect. If the quotation in the catalogue—

"Oh, Iaso,  
"Quanti dolci pensieri! quanto desio, &c."

be the passage originally given with the title by Scheffer, it is very clear from the action of the figures that the lines on which he principally dwelt were—

"Mentre che 'luno spirito questo disse,  
L'altro piangeva sì, che di pietade  
Io venni meno come s'io morisse," &c.;

and the interview is at an end, for the spirits are floating away, as we see by the line of Francesca's hair, which, by the way, is the least praiseworthy form in the picture. With respect to the age of Dante, there is an objection to offer. He himself says, at the commencement of the "Inferno," that he was—

"Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita;"

but we find him here certainly approaching sixty; the head, moreover, of Virgil is morally a failure. It avails but little to tell us that it has been copied from the putative bust of Virgil; if there were as many busts of Virgil as there are of Julius Caesar, it cannot be doubted that the types would be as various as those attributed to the great commander. The head of Virgil is so insignificant that it cannot be received as that of him whom Dante challenges as—

"Quel Virgilio e quella fonte  
Che spande di parlar sì fiume?"

In "Saint Augustin at Saint Monique," painted in 1855, there is a distinction in forms of the head of St. Augustine that separates it from the general type of the small heads in the Exhibition. In these heads we have the same forcible expression, that gives so much value to other works painted during the last fifteen years of his life; and as distinguished by this excellence may be cited—"Les Douleurs de la Terre," "Marguerite a la Fontaine," "Le Baiser de Judas," "Figure de Calvin," "Faust a la Coupe," "Le Christ et Sain Jean," "Madeleine en Extase;" and besides these, there are other works which do not reach this high standard, as "La Tentation du Christ," "Jacob et Rachel," "L'Amour Divin et l'Amour Terrestre," &c.

And thus is the genius of Scheffer set forth, so that we accompany him through his life of ceaseless application, and various emotions and impulses. It was not until after twenty years of labor that he discovered his particular qualifications; but at this we marvel not, as in artist life it is a common contingency. The portraits exhibited are very numerous; they may all be likenesses, but there are very many of them possessing qualities much beyond this. But

Scheffer is truly great in the expression of tender and intense emotion, and grand in the rehearsal of the thoughts and passions of men. His best productions are those in which he has not been seduced by attempts at color; and in the extensive allusions and copious description of his limited compositions he can never be excelled.—*Art Journal*.

### Midsummer.

BY O. W. HOLMES.

Here! sweep those foolish leaves away,—  
I will not crush my brains to-day!—  
Look! are the southern curtains drawn?  
Fetch me a fan, and so begone!

Not that,—the palm-tree's rustling leaf  
Brought from a parching coral reef!  
Its breath is heated;—I would swing  
The broad gray plumes,—the eagle's wing.

I hate these roses' feverish blood!—  
Pluck me a half-blown lily-bud,  
A long-stemmed lily from the lake,  
Cold as a coiling water-snake.

Rain me sweet odors on the air,  
And wheel me up my Indian chair,  
And spread some book not otherwise  
Flat out before my sleepy eyes.

—Who knows it not,—this dead recoil  
Of weary fibres stretched with toil,—  
The pulse that flutters faint and low  
When summer's seething breezes blow?

O Nature! bare thy loving breast  
And give thy child one hour of rest,—  
One little hour to lie unseen  
Beneath thy scarf of leafy green!

So, curtained by a single pine,  
Its murmuring voice shall blend with mine,  
Till, lost in dreams, my faltering lay  
In sweeter music dies away.

Atlantic Magazine, Sept.

## Musical Correspondence.

LONDON, JULY 13.—Having had the benefit of two days' experience in attending the Crystal Palace, I found no difficulty in reaching Sydenham in safety on the morning of Friday, the third day of the Festival. I had heard enough to satisfy me that the grand choruses of Handel could not be better sung than by the noble choir then and there assembled. I had heard the "Messiah," containing two of the most wonderful choruses ever conceived even by the great master himself, the great "Dettingen Te Deum," of which I had expected much, and in which I had been more than satisfied; I had heard some of the choicest choruses from his different works, and in all I had found the same precision in singing, and the same grandeur of tone. Now was to come what was to me the greatest treat of all. As a member of the Boston Handel and Haydn Society, I had rehearsed "Israel in Egypt," through the past winter, until I felt familiar with every note of it, and the more I had studied the more I had enjoyed it. I had recently heard it given in splendid style at Exeter Hall, by the Harmonic Society, and had been amazed at the manner in which they had sung it, and with good reason, for, had not Carl Formes told the Handel and Haydn Society on one occasion that no society in Europe could surpass them in chorus singing! I then, in common with the many delighted members of our good society, took his words as truth, but I now know the remark to have been as gross flattery as ever proceeded from human lips.

The reasons may be various, but the fact is certain that the London Harmonic Society far surpass our Handel and Haydn as a choral society. And why is

this? Certainly not because their society is larger than ours, for the more bulky the body, the more difficult of management it must necessarily be. It is not that they have finer voices, for I believe it is generally conceded that the American voices are as fine as the world can produce. It cannot be for the lack of a proper conductor on our part, for I do not believe it would be possible to have a finer conductor than our good friend Carl Zerrahn, who would as I believe, have conducted and carried through the great Festival as successfully as Costa. No, our advantages are as great in these respects as we could desire; but the true reason is very painfully evident to any faithful member, who attends every rehearsal, finding but few present, but who finds that at the concerts the seats are filled by negligent members who injure the effect of the music from their ignorance of it, while he himself and a few others have to bear the burden of the whole. There is not that enthusiasm among our members which exists among those of the Harmonic Society, where each individual member feels sure of his part. I can hardly be accused of prejudice in the matter, for I longed to be able to corroborate the statement of Fornes; but facts are stubborn things. Perhaps, however, if the public would take more interest in the doings of the society, and occasionally attend the concerts in such numbers as to allow the members to feel sure of not being assessed at the end of the season to make up the deficit in the treasury, the society might feel more encouragement to work. But I began to talk about the Festival and have wandered back to Boston.

The sight on this day was different from that on either of the others. As is customary in the performance of this oratorio, the choir was divided into two grand choruses, and the effect on this occasion was very fine. I have already said that about half the altos were males. These being placed in the rear of the lady altos, close to the organ and in front of it, with the sopranos between them and the tenors, left the body of ladies in about the form of a crescent, which had a beautiful effect. On this day the Prince Consort and the Princess Alice, with one of the younger members of the royal household, honored the Palace with their presence, and the National Hymn was of course sung as a commencement. Then came the concert — SIMS REEVES'S voice was heard rising above the murmur of voices in the simple recitative with which Handel saw fit to commence his masterly work. Then came the alto passage: "And the children of Israel sighed by reason of their bondage," not sung as I had been accustomed to hear it, by the entire body of altos, but by Miss DOLBY alone, the chorus coming out in their strong cry to God. I do not know that the innovation pleased me — I would have preferred to have heard that grand body of altos breathing out that despairing sigh. The meaning seems to me to be better brought out by such. COSTA took the time a little faster too than Zerrahn does, but the effect was about the same. And now that appealing prayer rolled forth like the sound of mighty waters which finally subsided, and again that solitary voice broke forth, announcing relief and the beginning of the plagues. Again the massive chorus rolls out and we can almost feel the loathing felt by the Egyptians for the water turned to blood. After having heard about the frogs which proved such a source of annoyance to Pharaoh and not less so to the audience who heard about them, the majestic command thundered out — "He spake the word," and immediately the air seemed filled with "all manner of flies," produced by the ninety first violins of the orchestra.

And then came the always-popular "Hailstone Chorus," which was rendered in splendid style and encored of course. I was particularly pleased with the unity displayed by the basses in the passage where "fire runs along the ground." Next comes the awful plague of darkness, and in the splendid

pianissimo of three thousand voices it seemed really as if the darkness might be felt. But now comes the best performed chorus of the day — "He smote all the first-born of Egypt," sung very *staccato* indeed. All the choruses were sung finely, but this surpassed all others. The time was very rapid and at times one could almost hear the sword fall. In the next chorus the silvery tones of the last part came out beautifully, and the Egyptians rejoiced in right barbarous style at the departure. Not that the chorus was poorly sung — just the reverse, it was sung gloriously and with fine effect, though not generally appreciated. In the next chorus the contrast between the *fortissimo*: "He rebuked the red sea" and the *piano* passage: "And it was dried up," was very striking. I had thought the effect very grand when I first heard it in the Handel and Haydn, but how much more grand was it from such a chorus!

But it is useless to name each chorus, for all were grand; but the great one: "I will sing unto the Lord," deserves especial mention, both on account of its own greatness and the manner in which it was sung. It was very grand to hear the theme constantly breaking out from different parts of the choir, while also in all directions the "horse and his rider" go galloping into the sea. Nor should I omit especial mention of that most beautiful chorus: "The depths have covered them," and the difficult one: "The people shall hear and be afraid." The duet: "The Lord is my strength," was sung by Madame SHERINGTON and CLARA NOVELLO, in very good style. "The Lord is a man of war," was finely rendered by Signor BELLETTI and Mr. WEISS, and was encored. Sims Reeves sang magnificently in the air: "The enemy said I will pursue," and was obliged to repeat it. Oh what a voice that man has! It is not at all like an Italian tenor, but a robust English voice, just suited for oratorio, but not suited for the stage. He is a perfect idol of the Londoners who are willing to overlook any of his freaks, and he has many. One of his failings is a habit of being suddenly indisposed just before a concert, which is not at all pleasant for an individual who may have paid half a guinea for the purpose of hearing him sing. But like some other tenors, he will take liberties.

The concert was finally at an end and also the Festival, and we were left to look back upon it as among the things that were.

Could the great composer himself have been present on those three days and heard his glorious music sung by such a choir, what would have been his feelings? Would he not have felt that genius was at last appreciated? For no common writer would these people have collected from all parts of the kingdom; but Handel was not a common man. The Festival was thoroughly a success in every sense of the word. One thing I would like to speak of which caught my attention. When we were performing "Israel" in Boston, the orchestra had no flutes or clarinets, and, I think no horns. These were all used at the Festival. As I was told in Boston that no parts were written for these instruments, this fact struck me.

Well, never again do I expect to hear Handel so sung as on those three days, but I hope that at some future time, the Handel and Haydn Society will be found in such a condition as to enable them to produce any work in the best style. I wish they could all have heard how like one great voice each part entered on a chorus. Each singer seemed to feel that he or she must sing, whether any body else sang or not, and that is the only true way to sing such music. If members cannot sing the music they should either practise at home or leave the society.

I have now given you an account of the three great days of this great musical feast. It was got up on a gigantic scale and was successful — on the first two days about twenty thousand persons were present, and on the third day upwards of twenty-six thousand. As the tickets ranged from five shillings to two guineas each for each day, we may reasonably conclude that not much money was lost. And now, the Handel fever is at such a height, that certain public-spirited gentlemen are trying to found a "Handel College," for the education of the orphans of musicians. God speed the good work! say I, and may the College turn out a vast number of excellent musicians. My story is told.

W. H. D.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUGUST 27, 1859.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. — Cantata: "Morning," by RIES, Continued.

### How Chorus Parts ought to be Printed.

Every person who has ever taken part in, or been present at, the rehearsals of an Oratorio or of any formidable choral composition — at all events every earnest and hard-working musical conductor, knows too well the numerous drawbacks and annoyances that always waste a very solid portion of the few and precious hours in which it is possible to bring together several hundred singers for such practice. The continual stoppages to correct an error, whether in the singers or in the copy that they sing from; the losing the place, and the long time it takes for all to find it; above all, the difficulty which the conductor has of making his singers understand at just what measure and what note he wishes them each time to recommence; the wandering away of those in rank and file while others are drummed back; the time wasted also in correcting a false accent or expression, made through ignorance, but which might just as well have been avoided by some clear indication in the notes, — these, and fifty other little petty plagues eat up the time which ought to be kept whole for real practice and for solid movement of the whole mass onward.

And it seems not a little strange that, after such long and uniform experience of these hindrances, some simple method has not been devised, some system of little signs and warnings on the printed part in every singer's hand, whereby he may never fail to understand, in every single measure, the precise relation he sustains to the whole choir. Any group of experienced conductors, who should talk the matter over, would at once agree upon the points requiring to be met; they would all have the same experience to report: how easy then to settle on some method for, so to speak, the stoppage of these leaks!

From an article which we have just read in the *Leipsic Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, we infer that the thing has at last been effectually done — at least in one instance, which may be easily, and should be, imitated. In April last Bach's famous Mass in B minor was performed in the Thomas Church, at Leipsic, by the choral society called the "Riedelsche Verein." CARL RIEDEL, from whom the society takes its name, and who seems to be one of those models of a thorough, indefatigable, artist-like conductor, having painfully noted in his experience with his choir the difficulties referred to, went to the trouble of carefully arranging and getting printed the voice parts of the Mass, in such a way that, while the exact score as Bach left it was clearly distinguishable, each page was full of useful signs and expression marks of his own invention, embodying the results not merely of his own, but of every intelligent conductor's experience in the bringing out of such music by means of a great choir. The principal points are these:

1. Every bar (measure) of the piece is numbered. This saves at least one quarter of the time given to rehearsal, which otherwise would be lost in blind efforts to find the place, whenever a repetition from a certain point is ordered. Without this, however ready the rest may be in finding the place, one or two slow ones may keep the whole choir waiting.
2. The insertion of leading notes (or cues, theatrically speaking); i. e. before each new entrance of a part, the last note or two of the other parts, which lead into it, are noted down in small characters, so as to obviate the difficulty of hitting the absolute pitch of a starting note. To be sure, one may learn his part all through mechanically; but that costs time and does not at all improve his faculty of reading.
3. Short marks or strokes over certain notes, to warn



the singers of their peculiar difficulty of intonation, and that they are to be taken with the sharpest accuracy.

4. *Phrase marks*, showing how the words are to be grouped and separated, independently of mere punctuation. A point over the last note of each phrase indicates that it is to be lightly dropped, to allow of taking breath for the next phrase and of attacking the next note in season. Every director knows what unity and clearness this imparts to chorus singing.

5. *Points over notes*, indicating a light and clear enunciation of the syllables, and not any *staccato* effect.

6. *Accents*. The usual bar lines merely show the singer the relation of the notes to one another. But were he to regulate his accent solely by the strong and weak parts of the measure, he would achieve, especially in polyphonic composition, a very stiff and unartistic result. (The chorus parts of the 16th and 17th centuries contain no bars.) The accent depends: 1) on the weight of the notes; 2) on their position relatively to surrounding notes; 3) on their harmonic importance; 4) on the natural accent of the syllables. The marks relate to all these points. For instance, it is a well-known rule that dissonances must be accented. Accordingly, when a prolonged note forms a dissonance with an entering note, the former (to be held and accented) is marked with a swell, thus  $\text{—}$  and, at the point of the dissonance, with the additional little accent, thus  $\text{—}$  or  $\text{V}$ .—These signs do not aim at "effects of execution," but only to secure the purity of choral singing.

7. Marks relative to the clear coming in of the themes, &c., &c.

8. *Strengthening of one part by voices borrowed from another*. A most useful device. Suppose the second sopranos have to enter, on a low pitch, while all the other voices are in full blast; you bring to their support a portion of the altos. (Bach meant the part for boys, whose voices are stronger on the low notes). The director, of course, must judge of the applicability of this means, according to the materials of his choir.

9. Finally, some remarks, (applicable to all singing of Masses, "Stabat Mater," "Lauda Sions," &c.) about the Latin and German (or English) text. Herr Riedel's remarks are worth quoting on this head. He says: "Unquestionably the Latin is more easy to enunciate with accuracy; it also has more sensuous euphony, although the German [English] has many words superior in sonorous beauty to their Latin equivalents. For singers and hearers, who can understand and feel the Latin, this language is altogether to be preferred. But such singers and hearers form by far the smallest number. To most of them the Latin is a dead language, and with them it would be a matter of indifference if for the Mass text were substituted other Latin words, equally manageable, but not in the least suited to the spirit of the music. A translation on the programme helps but little, however close to the original, since single words and phrases still remain unclear, and the music rushes by before their sense is clear. But the German [Eng.] word tells upon Germans [Americans] immediately and quickens the right feeling, so that the singer can sing with understanding and sympathetically, and the hearer follow undisturbed the course of the music. But if our singers, who have no knowledge of the Latin, do prefer this tongue in singing, the reason lies, first in the greater convenience of enunciation, and then in the prevailing thoughtlessness which too many bring to their singing. To them choral singing can be nothing more than vocalized instrumental music."

We have thus given most of the substance of Herr Riedel's preface to his edition of the chorus parts of Bach's Mass. He ends with expressing the hope that these hints may help to the study of that difficult, but noble work. And why, we may ask, shall

they not do the same service in regard to the "Messiah," the "Israel in Egypt," the "Elijah," Mozart's "Requiem," &c.? Why will not our conductors, our Zerrahns and Dresels, our Bergmanns and Eisfelds, agitate the matter, and make or cause to be made, with utmost care, by competent authorities, similar part-copies of the works practiced in our various societies? And why should not some of our leading music publishers find their account in issuing the voice parts of several oratorios, &c., on this plan?

### Musical Chit-Chat.

The next event of much importance in our Art world, is to be one which will transact itself at many points at once, both in this country and in Europe, under the form of "SCHILLER Festivals." The one hundredth anniversary of the great German poet's birth falls on the 11th of November, and the Germans, in New York especially, and other cities of the United States, are making enthusiastic preparations to celebrate the day. They will of course have the sympathy of thousands of students and admirers of German literature, and especially of Schiller, among our own countrymen. The Germans here in Boston are determined not to remain passive while their brethren in the other cities are engaged in this inspiring patriotic act; and a movement has commenced already in the "Orpheus Glee Club," that genial circle of the sons of harmony, to prepare a worthy Festival in Boston. The whole responsibility of the affair will be, as it should be, with our German fellow citizens, whose national pride of course is interested; but sympathizers of all other countries will be welcomed to the feast. The exercises are not fully determined upon, but will probably consist of a concert in the Music Hall, addresses, in German and in English, perhaps a poem or two, by distinguished friends of German literature; recitations from Schiller; *tableaux vivants*, illustrating his plays and poems; a banquet, &c., &c. We shall return to the subject.

We are (anonymously) informed, that Mr. A. B. WINCH, a teacher of music in Taunton, Mass., has composed a Cantata, which he has entitled "Demetrius," and which he intends to produce in that town on the 13th of September. It is composed of choruses and four solo parts in character, to wit: baritone, Mr. A. B. WINCH; basso, Mr. J. C. TURNER; soprano, Miss C. CROSSMAN; contralto, Miss MARY DEAN. May it achieve immortality! . . . Signor STRINI (our old friend Gubetta in *Lucrezia* and also *Il Commendatore* with the ponderous marble tones?), with Miss CECILIA FLORES, "the charming American prima donna," Mr. H. MILLARD, "the great American tenor," and Mr. CHARLES FRADEL, "pianist to H. R. II., the Duke of Saxe-Weimar," have "turned up" this week as concert-givers in New London, Conn. A duet from "Don Juan," Rossini's *Largo al Factotum*, the trio from Verdi's *Attila*, an air from *Ernani*, a song by Kücken, Brahms's "Death of Nelson," &c., figure in the programme of last Tuesday.

Of the arrangements for the SCHILLER Centenary on the 11th of November, in New Orleans, the *Picayune* tells us:

The Thalia Club, composed of German gentlemen, and of which Mr. Theodore Von La Roche is director, have voted to celebrate it by performing Schiller's famous "Song of the Bell," the music of which was composed by Andreas Romberg, ("Die Glocke"). The New Orleans Academy of Music have also agreed to lend their valuable assistance upon the occasion and the services of Mr. Cripps, one of their most useful directors, have been enlisted in the cause. Ample provisions have been made for securing a complete orchestra, the number of tenor and bass singers will be about forty, and a proportionate force of sopranos and contraltos will be engaged. Already have there been two rehearsals, and things are going on finely.

The New York *Evening Post* reports the following items from the Italian musical papers:

Mercadante has been visiting Florence, where one of his pupils, the Cavalier Mabellini, honored him with a grand concert and reception, the programme being composed exclusively of selections from Mercadante's works, rendered by the best singers in Florence. Labadie and Poinot were by last accounts at Paris, without professional engagements. Verdi's *Traviata* has been produced at Granada, in Spain, under the very shadow of the Alhambra. Graziani, the tenor, and brother of the baritone who sang at Castle Garden, is engaged for the next season at Rome. Verdi has produced at Milan a new cantata or operetta, called the *Battle of Legnano*, which even his most devoted admirers acknowledge to be a failure. An English girl named Jackson, was the prima donna, and alone saved the piece from proving an utter fiasco. Our old favorite, Stefanoni, has been engaged for the San Carlo at Naples. It is rumored that Aubert, now over 70 years old, is writing a new opera, to be called *Faust*. Borghi-Mamo is to receive at the Italian Opera, Paris, twelve hundred dollars a month. Elisa Hensler, the American prima donna, has been engaged for the next opera season at Oporto, Spain.

The *Evening Express* gives us some further particulars of the death of Signor CORELLI:

For some two years or more, he had suffered from a complication of nervous diseases, caused by unfortunate speculations,

and troubles in connection with the presentation of the canon to Sardinia, which we may not here relate; he had tried every remedy, and even placed himself in several of the insane asylums of our country, but to no purpose. His *sane insanity* could not be cured.

At the time of his death he had been residing with an Italian family in Brooklyn, N. Y., seemingly in pretty good health, except for a sleeplessness, which wore heavily upon his constitution. For a change he went to Newton, Long Island, and on Saturday, Aug. 5th, took a little dose of morphine, which, failing to affect him, he doubled, in the desperate desire for sleep. This it was that caused his death. The potion was taken when in the full possession of his senses, hence the supposition of suicide may be destroyed forever. He was found on Monday, when all the appliances of the medical art were brought to bear upon him, but without avail. A letter from the Italian friend, with whom he resided, was found in his pocket, and that gentleman was immediately summoned. The report that Signor Corelli's pecuniary affairs were in a bad condition is false, the fact being that he has left quite a property, invested in this city and in New York, after having assisted his family in Italy, during a series of years. His death frustrated his immediate design of returning to Europe, where he intended to pass the remainder of his days.

ADOLPHE ADAM, the famous composer of light French operas, has written a book, just published in Paris, which the London *Athenaeum* notices as follows:

*Last Recollections of a Musician*—[*Derniers Souvenirs, &c.*] By Adolphe Adam. (Paris, Lévy.)—Our musical readers may perhaps recollect that we have always professed a higher value for Adolphe Adam, whether as man or as musician, than severe persons warrant; and this without pretending that we hold a pound of feathers as more precious than a pound of lead. We know not where to direct them to a more agreeable volume than this, which contains reprints of past *feuilletons*. The subjects are, the "Youth of Haydn" (a composer who just now enjoys greater favor in France than in any other country), Rameau, Gluck and Méhul, Monsigny, Gossec, Berton, Cherubini, the "Stabat Mater" of Signor Rossini, the "Dame Blanche" of Boieldieu, Donizetti, and a concert given by M. Marrast, during the short-lived glories of 1849. All these subjects, though touched with a hand light rather than pedantic, are reasoned out with a knowledge and—rarer still—a common sense not common in writers concerning Music. If composer of opera ever stood at the Antipodes to composer of opera, it was Cherubini to Adam; yet the latter could speak of the former in terms of unaffected admiration and reverence, these not excluding nice appreciation of a character, the defects of which, on the surface, far outnumbered its attractions. "As a man," writes Adam, "Cherubini has been differently, and more than once, perhaps, unjustly, appreciated. Extremely nervous, brusque, irritable, absolute in his independence, his first movements almost always gave an unfavorable impression. He easily fell back on his nature, which was excellent, though he made efforts to disguise it under an outside the least possible flattering. Thus, in spite of the unevenness of his temper, [some there were who pretended that he had the evenest of possible tempers, as he was always in a passion!] he was adored by those who surrounded him." Let us further recommend to all who care about French music—a number of students happily on the increase in this country, in spite of John Bull's obstinate resolution to have only one favorite school at a time—the pleasant monograph on Gossec. Then any Pre-Raphaelites (if such there be left) in sacred music might do worse than gravely consider the chapter on Signor Rossini's "Stabat," though it will hit them in the teeth by its declaration (in which we heartily share), that orthodox Church Art has no elect century, that the Acanthus is no more essentially a Pagan flower than the *Herba Benedicta* is a Christian one, and that the unalterable nature of symbols is to none more perilous than to those attempting to fix it, forgetting the while how many of the Christian symbols were merely wrested from Paganism, to be put to the uses of the newer and more generous creed. But enough in regard to this agreeable volume, which should raise its writer far above such contempt as fitly hangs over the tombs of the Triflers.

### Music Abroad.

#### London.

Tuesday, July 26th, was a great day for the Royal Italian Opera—and a new triumph for M. Meyerbeer. The production of the *Pardon de Ploërmel* will constitute an epoch in the history of the opera in this country, and the laurels that encircle the brow of its composer derive fresh lustre from the leaf that has been added. The success of *Dinorah* surpassed expectation.

The Parisian audience at the Opéra-Comique, on the 4th of April, were enthusiastic; but the Covent Garden audience, on Tuesday, were both enthusiastic and exacting. Meyerbeer, for instance, at the first performance in Paris, was only summoned forward



at the descent of the curtain. Here, on the contrary, he was brought on after each act. We remember no success more genuine. No fault was found; no disappointment experienced.

M. Meyerbeer seems at once to have conciliated enemies (if there were any to be conciliated), enchanted the general public, and disarmed criticism. Censure was dumb, and all who talk of the *Pardon de Ploërmel* talk in rapture. Certainly no opera of Meyerbeer's has made a more decided hit on its first introduction to this country. Much may be attributed to there being no grand choral displays, no complicated ballets, no thrilling incidents, historical or social, no national feuds or political evolutions, no religious dissensions involving the fate of kingdoms, in the opera, to interpose their claims and to distract attention. A simple story, founded on a wild legend of superstitious peasant life, constitutes the thread upon which the gifted composer has hung no end of pearls. No one cares much about Hoël, the goatherd who hides himself in the forest for a year to become wealthy, without troubling himself as to what becomes of Dinorah; nor is it easy to sympathize with Dinorah, who, mad from the beginning, is chiefly employed in running after a goat or coquetting with her own shadow. And who minds Corentin, the cowardly hind and cornemuse-player? The story, nevertheless, affords admirable opportunities for musical illustration, which M. Meyerbeer has turned to eminent advantage. The very nature of the tale must have presented fascinations to the musician, desirous to let the world know that sumptuous shows, stirring, high-flown themes, and gigantic events, were not indispensable to his muse. The *libretto* suited him in many respects, the subject being romantic, while confined to pastoral life, and novel in the midst of its simplicity. Moreover, there was a storm, an inundation; a bereaved maiden, to sing snatches of wild tunes, and to come and go, like Ariel, at the touch of the composer's wand; a piper to blow the *cornemuse*, and make the fool of the piece; there were goatherds and reapers, marriage feasts and processions, all tending, if properly brought into one frame, to give a very pretty idea of Arcadian life. M. Meyerbeer, perceiving these advantages at a glance, overlooked the absurdities. How he has illustrated the various incidents and sentiments, how he has grouped the characters, and how he has individualized them, we need not say. The music of *Dinorah*, if less gorgeous, grand, and lofty than much he has wedded to more absorbing subjects, has not been surpassed in grace, invention, melodic beauty, newness of idea, originality of treatment, and *finesse* of coloring. No opera of Meyerbeer's, we venture to assert, is more replete with tune than *Dinorah*, and with that sort of tune which will find its way at once into the popular ear. For this reason, we think, the new opera will take its place among the most consummate achievements of its composer's genius.

Of the general performance a word or two must suffice. Mad. Miolan Carvalho, from the Théâtre Lyrique, one of the most distinguished vocalists on the Parisian stage, though nervous at the beginning, and perplexed by an arena of vaster dimensions than any to which she had been accustomed, inclined, too, to force her voice and thus imperil her intonation, rapidly improved as she advanced, and in the end succeeded triumphantly. She is a singer of the same school as Madame Marie Cabel, essentially French in voice and manner, with less individual charm but more dramatic intensity than her eminent contemporary, an organ of much the same compass, hardly so sweet in quality but perhaps (further experience will decide) more flexible and more completely at command, together with a stage demeanor and familiarity with stage discipline in no respect inferior. To the success of Madame Didiée and her very efficient delivery of the interpolated air allusion has been made. Signor Graziani has rarely sung with greater care and general correctness than in the part of Hoël (one so entirely strange to his idiosyncrasy), but it is only in the last act that he makes any attempt at histrionic expression. Signor Gardoni astonished everyone—not so much by the artistic excellence of his singing, which, being an acknowledged musician, might have been anticipated from him on such an occasion—as by the sustained animation of his acting, if not absolutely comic, so near to it as almost to be admitted for proxy. In the eclogue Mademoiselle Marai and Madame Didiée distinguished themselves favorably by their execution of the goatherds' *villanella*, and Signor Baraldi especially so in the Song of the Reaper. The Hunter's song does not seem to suit the always painstaking and intelligent Sig. Tagliafico, but he and the others sang admirably in the "Paternoster." The chorus was unexceptionable, and the band beyond praise. When it is remembered that three months' rehearsals were found requisite for the production of the *Pardon de Ploërmel* in Paris,

and that something less than three weeks' preliminary study, with only two full rehearsals, enabled Mr. Costa (under the personal superintendence of M. Meyerbeer) to insure such a remarkable performance as that of the Italian version of the same opera on Tuesday night, under the title of *Dinorah*; or, *Il Pellegrinaggio di Ploërmel* (with the additional difficulty springing from the fact of the dialogue being turned into elaborately accompanied recitative), some idea of the value of that gentleman's services may be obtained; and M. Meyerbeer would, we are sure, be the first to allow that no one after himself, the composer of the work, had a juster claim to the enthusiastic approbation of the public.—*Mus. World*.

**DRURY LANE.**—The production of Signor Verdi's *Vêpres Siciliennes*, on Wednesday night, was highly creditable to the management; and its unequivocal success made it a matter of regret that the step had not been taken earlier in the season.

The *Vêpres Siciliennes*, composed for the Académie Impériale, was first represented on the 13th of June, 1855. The cast included Mlle. Sophie Cruvelli, as Hélène; M. Gueymard, Henri; M. Bonnehée, De Montfort; and M. Obin, Jean of Procida. All the resources of the opera were made available, and an unequivocal success was the result. Mlle. Sophie Cruvelli, for whom the part of Hélène was expressly composed, achieved a triumph; and the divertissement of *The Four Seasons* was pronounced one of the greatest choreographic achievements of the theatre. The *libretto*, by MM. Scribe and Duveyrier, was indirectly founded on the disputed historical incident of the "Sicilian Vespers," and more immediately on M. Casimir Delavigne's tragic play, written some five and twenty years before. The plot of the operatic *libretto* differs considerably from that of the tragedy. The principal characters, the Duchess Hélène, De Montfort, the governor of Palermo, and Procida, the chief conspirator, are retained; all the others are imaginary.

The music of *Les Vêpres Siciliennes* is written with more than usual care, and several of the airs have obtained a well-deserved popularity. As examples we may name the *bolero*, for Hélène in the last act, "Merci, jeunes amies," a florid, brilliant, and effective *morceau*; the romance for Henri, "La brise souffle au loin"—one of the most simple and beautiful melodies Verdi has produced; the air for Montfort, "Au sein de la puissance," introduced into the overture; and the song "Et toi, Palerme," for Procida. In the concerted music too, there are occasionally flashes of genius which show Sig. Verdi at his best. Of course there is one grand finale in which the composer puts forth all his strength. This occurs at the end of the third act, when the conspirators, headed by Hélène and Procida, are foiled in their attempt to assassinate De Montfort, by Henri, who has first discovered his relationship to the governor (his own "governor"). Sig. Verdi has made good use of this situation, and worked it up with dramatic effect. The duet between Montfort and Henri (when the latter learns he is the son of the former, and the former admits he is the father of the latter), is in the popular composer's most telling manner. The quick movement, admirably sung by Signors Mongini and Fagotti, was encored with enthusiasm on Wednesday night. Taken as a whole, the last act of the *Vêpres Siciliennes* is perhaps the best.

The ballet music is all good, the *tarantella* in the second act being worthy of Auber himself. The *divertissement* of *The Four Seasons* is too long for an English audience, and in fact had to be largely curtailed on the second night of performance, three of the "Seasons" being given the sack, and Autumn (the clever and agile Mlle. Boschetti) remaining undisputed mistress of the planks.

The cast of the opera was as follows: Hélène, Mlle. Titiens; Amigo (Henri), Signor Mongini; De Montfort, Signor Fagotti; Procida, Signor Vialletti; &c. &c. To Mlle. Titiens and Signor Mongini unqualified praise is due. Mlle. Titiens sang magnificently, and acted with extraordinary vigor and passion. At the close of the fourth act, when Hélène and Procida are led to the scaffold, the conflicting emotions that agitated the bosom of the heroine, were portrayed with wonderful truth and intensity by Mlle. Titiens. This scene produced the greatest effect of the evening, and resulted not only in a recital for all the artists, but a universal summons for Mr. E. T. Smith.

Signor Mongini was almost irreproachable in his execution of the arduous music allotted to Henri. We are glad to find that honest advice is not thrown away on this richly gifted artist. His Henri is really a fine performance. In one or two instances his singing, for intensity and passion, could hardly have been surpassed, while his acting throughout was manly and unaffected. Signors Vialletti and Fagotti were more than satisfactory.

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